

A GIRL OF THE PEOPLE

BY MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON.

(Copyrighted by the National Press Agency)



SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Shella Cope is searching for a mysterious woman who caused the death of her mother, Lady Cope. All the Cope estate goes to Roger Cope, a cousin, who is a very successful man. When she returns home he discloses the address of her real mother, who lives in a small house in London. Shella goes there to live. She fails to find work, again, and is forced to go to the city. She is then taken to a house in the city, where she meets a man who is a very successful man. She is then taken to a house in the city, where she meets a man who is a very successful man.

Arrived at a house in the city, which seems familiar to Shella, the mysterious woman, who is Lady Cope, is revealed. Shella is then taken to a house in the city, where she meets a man who is a very successful man. She is then taken to a house in the city, where she meets a man who is a very successful man.

CHAPTER XX.

The Power Behind the Throne.

I CAUGHT my breath. In an instant I had forgotten the portraits, and had only eyes for what should come out from behind the curtains.

Then they were swept aside, and I saw the man whom I might perhaps have expected, yet had not dreamed of seeing—Roger Cope.

Our eyes met. Instantly all impression of mystery was gone.

I felt that I should have known from the first that it would be explained in this way.

"My darling-at last!" he exclaimed, and came toward me quickly, with both hands held out. But I put mine behind my back.

"So you are the 'employer' of whom that woman spoke?" I said violently, and this is your house.

"I thought you might have guessed by this time whose place it was," Roger answered. "It was my Cousin Vincent's place, you know, until on his death it came to me with the title."

Now I understood why I had felt last night that I had lived through the means of my arrival before. I had seen photographs of the place, but so long ago that my forgetfulness was scarcely surprising.

"And then, all your pretty gowns and your silver things, and jewels," Roger went on, "but one who loved you would have a thought of having them would have a thought of having them."

"You are a very strange love," I said, quietly, though my voice was unsteady, and a slight trembling shook my body.

"And you have taken a strange way of showing it. I don't understand exactly what the way has been, even now."

"You shall understand it," he returned, "though there are other things of which I would rather speak, things which I have been impatiently waiting for a long, long time to say."

"I should like to understand," I repeated, ignoring his last words.

"Sit down, then, by my side, on this sofa. Oh, don't look frightened. I don't mean to force you, but if you won't do what I ask you can't expect me to give up my will to yours."

Without further objections I sat down and Roger sat beside me.

I saw him glance at my hands as if he contemplated possessing himself of them, but hurriedly I clasped them together in my lap and Roger attempted no more aggression.

"Now you know where I live, after I left East Street," I asked.

"Not at first. I only wish that I had known that I had brought into a house where I could find help, because I couldn't help it, because I had to hear that hardly an hour before you had gone. You can guess a little of what I felt. And I assure you that my mistress Fanny was obliged to listen to some home truths for her brutality."

His words convinced me that John Bourke had been right in his conjectures. Roger had set fire to the train; but the result, a governess, and Bourke had thought, had come sooner than he was expected. Roger had called, but had been too late to prevent my going, leaving the home where I was wanted.

"I believe that Tom Stephens, Fanny's pretended lover was a tool of yours," exclaimed echoing the suggestion that had come from John Bourke.

"I don't mind saying that you are right, because no woman ever thought of being called unscrupulous to win her for herself. Yes, Tom Stephens was a tool of mine, as you put it."

"Was it he who discovered where I had gone after I left East Street?"

"No, poor Tom was not skilled in detective work. It took him three days to find you out. Mr. John Bourke, M. P., then, my gratitude is due to you for me. I should never have forgotten myself for what I had done if you had let me. But my gratitude to your precious episode. His later acts toward you were those of a villain, and it was all I could do not to go myself to his house and snatch my innocent white dove from the claws of his black hands."

The blood sprang to my face and burned there.

"It is like you to speak of him so!" I exclaimed, fiercely. "He was an angel to me, while you—oh! I don't yet half believe that you have been or may be. I only know that you are not worthy to be spoken of in the same breath with John Bourke."

It was Roger's turn now to flush, which he did slowly, and with tightening lips.

"He would please me best if you need not speak of him at all or think of him," he said, looking at me with a steady gaze. "I know that Roger has seen the start."

"I had never heard of your acquaintance with Lady Cope," I said, quickly, to hide what I felt.

"I have known her, more or less, for years, and though I have never met her, she has been a great deal to me. I had but to call on Lady Cope, hint that enemies of Bourke's had got hold of a scandal connecting him with a mysterious girl who had been seen at her house, to set the machinery working. When I was sure that she would go to Bourke's house, a telegram was sent, calling him out, leaving you at Lady Cope's mercy. I thought the rest might be trusted to her. And my only other act of interference was to request that she should take with her a certain newspaper, to be left at the house when she went away. I allowed, as an excuse for this suggestion, a paragraph which I had inserted, through the influence of a friend, mentioning Bourke's name and a rumor regarding him. That was for Lady Cope's eye. The advertisement in the personal column was for yours, and I hoped that, if you had not seen it before, you would see it then. As it turned out, my wish was granted."

"Yes, I walked into the trap," I answered, bitterly, but there is just one thing, though, which I can now be thankful for. Your confession has shown me that I have really injured Mr. Bourke. The enemies of whom Lady Cope spoke are not the enemies of Bourke."

"I sprang up from the sofa where I had resigned myself to sit questioning the enemy."

"I sprang up from the sofa where I had resigned myself to sit questioning the enemy."

"I sprang up from the sofa where I had resigned myself to sit questioning the enemy."

"I sprang up from the sofa where I had resigned myself to sit questioning the enemy."

"I sprang up from the sofa where I had resigned myself to sit questioning the enemy."

"I sprang up from the sofa where I had resigned myself to sit questioning the enemy."

"I sprang up from the sofa where I had resigned myself to sit questioning the enemy."

"I sprang up from the sofa where I had resigned myself to sit questioning the enemy."

"I sprang up from the sofa where I had resigned myself to sit questioning the enemy."

"I sprang up from the sofa where I had resigned myself to sit questioning the enemy."

"I sprang up from the sofa where I had resigned myself to sit questioning the enemy."

"I sprang up from the sofa where I had resigned myself to sit questioning the enemy."

"I sprang up from the sofa where I had resigned myself to sit questioning the enemy."

"I sprang up from the sofa where I had resigned myself to sit questioning the enemy."

"I sprang up from the sofa where I had resigned myself to sit questioning the enemy."

"I sprang up from the sofa where I had resigned myself to sit questioning the enemy."

"I sprang up from the sofa where I had resigned myself to sit questioning the enemy."

"I sprang up from the sofa where I had resigned myself to sit questioning the enemy."

"I sprang up from the sofa where I had resigned myself to sit questioning the enemy."

"I sprang up from the sofa where I had resigned myself to sit questioning the enemy."

"I sprang up from the sofa where I had resigned myself to sit questioning the enemy."

"I sprang up from the sofa where I had resigned myself to sit questioning the enemy."

"I sprang up from the sofa where I had resigned myself to sit questioning the enemy."

"I sprang up from the sofa where I had resigned myself to sit questioning the enemy."

"I sprang up from the sofa where I had resigned myself to sit questioning the enemy."

"I sprang up from the sofa where I had resigned myself to sit questioning the enemy."

"I sprang up from the sofa where I had resigned myself to sit questioning the enemy."

"I sprang up from the sofa where I had resigned myself to sit questioning the enemy."

"I sprang up from the sofa where I had resigned myself to sit questioning the enemy."

FLORODORA GIRL WHO SHOT A MAN TELLS HER EXCITING LIFE STORY.

Clarita Vidal, of the Famous Sextet, Is the Heroine.

A wife at sixteen; widowed at seventeen, an actress at eighteen; innocent eyes of turquoise blue, but which did not shrink before the yawning jaws of a Malabar River crocodile, delicate hands with tapering fingers, which, nevertheless, speared the bullet that killed a giant Malay thief; as dainty to look upon as a piece of Sevres china, but with nerves of steel; a bewitching, bewildering mixture of ingenuousness and "sang froid"—it is Miss Clarita Vidal of the Casino's Florodora Sextet.

"I have not lived so long, but I have seen and done much," said Miss Vidal when seen at the Vendome by an Evening World reporter.

"My father is a Spaniard, my mother an Englishwoman. I was born at Singapore, India, where father was stationed. I was educated in Paris, and learned what I know of English in London—so I know not what nationality you would call me."

"Oh, yes, I have travelled all over the world, mostly with my parents, and have had many strange adventures. I am eighteen years old. Two years ago I married a Captain in the English Guards. He was killed by the Boers, and afterward I was in Ladysmith during the siege."

"My most exciting time happened during last year, when I travelled in the East with my father. In Madagascar we travelled up the Malabar River in those funny canoes, so narrow that we had to sit on the bottom of the boat. Turk fashion, and once we were tipped over it was night-time—they always travel there at night, it is so hot—when the canoe struck something."

"The rowers jumped up and in a second we were in the water. But the river was narrow, and father helped me swim ashore. I shall never forget it, though. I thought all the time of crocodiles—ugh!" (Miss Clarita made a grimace at the recollection.)

"And speaking of crocodiles, I shot one that trip. We had rifles with explosive bullets. Here is mine now. You see it is short and not too heavy, but shoots a big bullet."

"I was going over a sand knoll, near the river bank, and father was some distance away, when I came face to face with a horrid, big crocodile. His jaws were stretched wide open, and I could look away down his throat and see all his big white teeth."

"Oh! how scared I was. I thought I should faint. Then I remembered what father had told me—how to shoot them—and my nerve came back. I fired straight at his throat, and then turned and ran. They said the crocodile thrashed

with a horrid, big crocodile. His jaws were stretched wide open, and I could look away down his throat and see all his big white teeth."

"Oh! how scared I was. I thought I should faint. Then I remembered what father had told me—how to shoot them—and my nerve came back. I fired straight at his throat, and then turned and ran. They said the crocodile thrashed

with a horrid, big crocodile. His jaws were stretched wide open, and I could look away down his throat and see all his big white teeth."

"Oh! how scared I was. I thought I should faint. Then I remembered what father had told me—how to shoot them—and my nerve came back. I fired straight at his throat, and then turned and ran. They said the crocodile thrashed

with a horrid, big crocodile. His jaws were stretched wide open, and I could look away down his throat and see all his big white teeth."

"Oh! how scared I was. I thought I should faint. Then I remembered what father had told me—how to shoot them—and my nerve came back. I fired straight at his throat, and then turned and ran. They said the crocodile thrashed

with a horrid, big crocodile. His jaws were stretched wide open, and I could look away down his throat and see all his big white teeth."

"Oh! how scared I was. I thought I should faint. Then I remembered what father had told me—how to shoot them—and my nerve came back. I fired straight at his throat, and then turned and ran. They said the crocodile thrashed

with a horrid, big crocodile. His jaws were stretched wide open, and I could look away down his throat and see all his big white teeth."

"Oh! how scared I was. I thought I should faint. Then I remembered what father had told me—how to shoot them—and my nerve came back. I fired straight at his throat, and then turned and ran. They said the crocodile thrashed

with a horrid, big crocodile. His jaws were stretched wide open, and I could look away down his throat and see all his big white teeth."

"Oh! how scared I was. I thought I should faint. Then I remembered what father had told me—how to shoot them—and my nerve came back. I fired straight at his throat, and then turned and ran. They said the crocodile thrashed

with a horrid, big crocodile. His jaws were stretched wide open, and I could look away down his throat and see all his big white teeth."

"Oh! how scared I was. I thought I should faint. Then I remembered what father had told me—how to shoot them—and my nerve came back. I fired straight at his throat, and then turned and ran. They said the crocodile thrashed

with a horrid, big crocodile. His jaws were stretched wide open, and I could look away down his throat and see all his big white teeth."

"Oh! how scared I was. I thought I should faint. Then I remembered what father had told me—how to shoot them—and my nerve came back. I fired straight at his throat, and then turned and ran. They said the crocodile thrashed

with a horrid, big crocodile. His jaws were stretched wide open, and I could look away down his throat and see all his big white teeth."

"Oh! how scared I was. I thought I should faint. Then I remembered what father had told me—how to shoot them—and my nerve came back. I fired straight at his throat, and then turned and ran. They said the crocodile thrashed

with a horrid, big crocodile. His jaws were stretched wide open, and I could look away down his throat and see all his big white teeth."

"Oh! how scared I was. I thought I should faint. Then I remembered what father had told me—how to shoot them—and my nerve came back. I fired straight at his throat, and then turned and ran. They said the crocodile thrashed

with a horrid, big crocodile. His jaws were stretched wide open, and I could look away down his throat and see all his big white teeth."

"Oh! how scared I was. I thought I should faint. Then I remembered what father had told me—how to shoot them—and my nerve came back. I fired straight at his throat, and then turned and ran. They said the crocodile thrashed

with a horrid, big crocodile. His jaws were stretched wide open, and I could look away down his throat and see all his big white teeth."

"Oh! how scared I was. I thought I should faint. Then I remembered what father had told me—how to shoot them—and my nerve came back. I fired straight at his throat, and then turned and ran. They said the crocodile thrashed

with a horrid, big crocodile. His jaws were stretched wide open, and I could look away down his throat and see all his big white teeth."

"Oh! how scared I was. I thought I should faint. Then I remembered what father had told me—how to shoot them—and my nerve came back. I fired straight at his throat, and then turned and ran. They said the crocodile thrashed

with a horrid, big crocodile. His jaws were stretched wide open, and I could look away down his throat and see all his big white teeth."

"Oh! how scared I was. I thought I should faint. Then I remembered what father had told me—how to shoot them—and my nerve came back. I fired straight at his throat, and then turned and ran. They said the crocodile thrashed



Miss Clarita Vidal.

Wife at 16; Widow at 17; Now Stage Beauty.

A wife at sixteen; widowed at seventeen, an actress at eighteen; innocent eyes of turquoise blue, but which did not shrink before the yawning jaws of a Malabar River crocodile, delicate hands with tapering fingers, which, nevertheless, speared the bullet that killed a giant Malay thief; as dainty to look upon as a piece of Sevres china, but with nerves of steel; a bewitching, bewildering mixture of ingenuousness and "sang froid"—it is Miss Clarita Vidal of the Casino's Florodora Sextet.

"I have not lived so long, but I have seen and done much," said Miss Vidal when seen at the Vendome by an Evening World reporter.

"My father is a Spaniard, my mother an Englishwoman. I was born at Singapore, India, where father was stationed. I was educated in Paris, and learned what I know of English in London—so I know not what nationality you would call me."

"Oh, yes, I have travelled all over the world, mostly with my parents, and have had many strange adventures. I am eighteen years old. Two years ago I married a Captain in the English Guards. He was killed by the Boers, and afterward I was in Ladysmith during the siege."

"My most exciting time happened during last year, when I travelled in the East with my father. In Madagascar we travelled up the Malabar River in those funny canoes, so narrow that we had to sit on the bottom of the boat. Turk fashion, and once we were tipped over it was night-time—they always travel there at night, it is so hot—when the canoe struck something."

"The rowers jumped up and in a second we were in the water. But the river was narrow, and father helped me swim ashore. I shall never forget it, though. I thought all the time of crocodiles—ugh!" (Miss Clarita made a grimace at the recollection.)

"And speaking of crocodiles, I shot one that trip. We had rifles with explosive bullets. Here is mine now. You see it is short and not too heavy, but shoots a big bullet."

"I was going over a sand knoll, near the river bank, and father was some distance away, when I came face to face with a horrid, big crocodile. His jaws were stretched wide open, and I could look away down his throat and see all his big white teeth."

"Oh! how scared I was. I thought I should faint. Then I remembered what father had told me—how to shoot them—and my nerve came back. I fired straight at his throat, and then turned and ran. They said the crocodile thrashed

with a horrid, big crocodile. His jaws were stretched wide open, and I could look away down his throat and see all his big white teeth."

"Oh! how scared I was. I thought I should faint. Then I remembered what father had told me—how to shoot them—and my nerve came back. I fired straight at his throat, and then turned and ran. They said the crocodile thrashed

with a horrid, big crocodile. His jaws were stretched wide open, and I could look away down his throat and see all his big white teeth."

"Oh! how scared I was. I thought I should faint. Then I remembered what father had told me—how to shoot them—and my nerve came back. I fired straight at his throat, and then turned and ran. They said the crocodile thrashed

with a horrid, big crocodile. His jaws were stretched wide open, and I could look away down his throat and see all his big white teeth."

"Oh! how scared I was. I thought I should faint. Then I remembered what father had told me—how to shoot them—and my nerve came back. I fired straight at his throat, and then turned and ran. They said the crocodile thrashed

with a horrid, big crocodile. His jaws were stretched wide open, and I could look away down his throat and see all his big white teeth."

"Oh! how scared I was. I thought I should faint. Then I remembered what father had told me—how to shoot them—and my nerve came back. I fired straight at his throat, and then turned and ran. They said the crocodile thrashed

with a horrid, big crocodile. His jaws were stretched wide open, and I could look away down his throat and see all his big white teeth."

"Oh! how scared I was. I thought I should faint. Then I remembered what father had told me—how to shoot them—and my nerve came back. I fired straight at his throat, and then turned and ran. They said the crocodile thrashed

with a horrid, big crocodile. His jaws were stretched wide open, and I could look away down his throat and see all his big white teeth."

"Oh! how scared I was. I thought I should faint. Then I remembered what father had told me—how to shoot them—and my nerve came back. I fired straight at his throat, and then turned and ran. They said the crocodile thrashed

with a horrid, big crocodile. His jaws were stretched wide open, and I could look away down his throat and see all his big white teeth."

"Oh! how scared I was. I thought I should faint. Then I remembered what father had told me—how to shoot them—and my nerve came back. I fired straight at his throat, and then turned and ran. They said the crocodile thrashed

with a horrid, big crocodile. His jaws were stretched wide open, and I could look away down his throat and see all his big white teeth."

"Oh! how scared I was. I thought I should faint. Then I remembered what father had told me—how to shoot them—and my nerve came back. I fired straight at his throat, and then turned and ran. They said the crocodile thrashed

with a horrid, big crocodile. His jaws were stretched wide open, and I could look away down his throat and see all his big white teeth."

"Oh! how scared I was. I thought I should faint. Then I remembered what father had told me—how to shoot them—and my nerve came back. I fired straight at his throat, and then turned and ran. They said the crocodile thrashed

with a horrid, big crocodile. His jaws were stretched wide open, and I could look away down his throat and see all his big white teeth."

"Oh! how scared I was. I thought I should faint. Then I remembered what father had told me—how to shoot them—and my nerve came back. I fired straight at his throat, and then turned and ran. They said the crocodile thrashed

with a horrid, big crocodile. His jaws were stretched wide open, and I could look away down his throat and see all his big white teeth."

"Oh! how scared I was. I thought I should faint. Then I remembered what father had told me—how to shoot them—and my nerve came back. I fired straight at his throat, and then turned and ran. They said the crocodile thrashed

with a horrid, big crocodile. His jaws were stretched wide open, and I could look away down his throat and see all his big white teeth."

"Oh! how scared I was. I thought I should faint. Then I remembered what father had told me—how to shoot them—and my nerve came back. I fired straight at his throat, and then turned and ran. They said the crocodile thrashed

with a horrid, big crocodile. His jaws were stretched wide open, and I could look away down his throat and see all his big white teeth."

"Oh! how scared I was. I thought I should faint. Then I remembered what father had told me—how to shoot them—and my nerve came back. I fired straight at his throat, and then turned and ran. They said the crocodile thrashed

with a horrid, big crocodile. His jaws were stretched wide open, and I could look away down his throat and see all his big white teeth."

"Oh! how scared I was. I thought I should faint. Then I remembered what father had told me—how to shoot them—and my nerve came back. I fired straight at his throat, and then turned and ran. They said the crocodile thrashed

FIRE FOREMAN AGAIN ACCUSED.

CROWLEY AND CLERK UPON EXTORTION CHARGE.

Applicant For Place in the Department Said He Paid Them \$250.

Michael P. Crowley, formerly an assistant foreman in the Fire Department, who was arrested several months ago on the charge of extorting money from applicants for places in the department, was again arrested to-day on a similar charge and arraigned in the Centre Street Police Court, together with his clerk, Thomas Bogart.

Bogart, Leonard, of No. 26 Wyckoff street, Brooklyn, alleges that he paid \$250 to Bogart for an adjutant's position in the Fire Department, and in Crowley's presence, after receiving a promise of a job in the Fire Department.

"No, it is not," Crowley said. "I must find out in some other way."

"You will not find out in any other way," Crowley said.

"I had to have a nest ready for the bird when it should flutter home," Roger broke in, smiling. "I wonder if any man since the world began has conquered more difficulties for the woman he loved?"

"I should think none ever stooped to so many meannesses," I flung at him. Other sharp words were ready, like swords, to pierce the armor of his self-complacency, but he said nothing. A voice seemed to whisper in my ear.

"A strange net for a bird," it said. "Roger has been another use for the house, and about these sounds outside your door last night?"

(To Be Continued.)

DEATH OF MISS STAFFORD.

Old and Valued Employee of The World Dies at Her Home.

Miss Anna M. Stafford was for ten years in charge of The World's Clerical Bureau, died at 5 o'clock yesterday morning of pleurisy at her home, No. 162 Lenox road, Flatbush.

Miss Stafford was of such frail physique that she was not able to walk until she was seven years of age, and being left an orphan in childhood was forced to acquire an education largely through her own unaided efforts. She then entered the service of The World, where she spent the remainder of her life and was always considered one of its most zealous and competent employees. She had under her direct charge a staff of thirty persons.

She was conspicuous among the Sunday-school workers of Brooklyn, and regularly devoted one-fifth of her salary to charity.

The funeral services will be held to-morrow evening at 8 o'clock at the Street Police Court, together with his clerk, Thomas Bogart.

Bogart, Leonard, of No. 26 Wyckoff street, Brooklyn, alleges that he paid \$250 to Bogart for an adjutant's position in the Fire Department, and in Crowley's presence, after receiving a promise of a job in the Fire Department.

"No, it is not," Crowley said. "I must find out in some other way."

"You will not find out in any other way," Crowley said.

"I had to have a nest ready for the bird when it should flutter home," Roger broke in, smiling. "I wonder if any man since the world began has conquered more difficulties for the woman he loved?"

"I should think none ever stooped to so many meannesses," I flung at him. Other sharp words were ready, like swords, to pierce the armor of his self-complacency, but he said nothing. A voice seemed to whisper in my ear.